

"LABOR SCOUTS" BRING WORKMEN TO TRACTOR CITY

The "labor scouts," some 15 or 20 men of the Du Pont construction company who are stationed at different parts of the Madison plant, have been actively engaged in securing and sending "job hunters" to Janesville. All the way from 50 to 150 applicants are received daily at the Du Pont construction company. The men come to Janesville with their men to see them in the new work. All the applicants at the Du Pont construction company are Americans. No foreigners need apply, the company hires no one but Americans. All the applicants at the Du Pont construction company are Americans. No foreigners need apply, the company hires no one but Americans. All the applicants at the Du Pont construction company are Americans. No foreigners need apply, the company hires no one but Americans.

NEWS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



WHAT BOYS CAN BE

A GRAIN FARMER
By R. S. Alexander.
Would you like to live on the prairie in the open air the year round? Have you ever thought about being a grain farmer? Well, let's think about it and see what it would be like.



To begin as a grain farmer you should have a high school education and a college degree. It would be best to go to some school in the great grain-growing section of the middle west. You should also have two or three years of actual work on a grain farm. Of course all this training is not necessary but it increases your chance of success.

SCHOOL CHILDREN GIVE HALLOWE'EN PROGRAM

All Saints eve was appropriately celebrated at the Washington school yesterday afternoon by costume parties, Halloween programs, and compositions pertaining to the season.
The fifth grade taught by Miss Agnes Smith, a program and masquerade was given. The program follows: "Origin of Halloween," Margaret Cutts; "Halloween stories and poems," Richard Blount, Elizabeth Grady, Mary Donigan, Dorothy Waggoner, John McHittler, and Harold Gower; "Florence Jellyman," Owen Trevorah; "Dale Litney," Betty Hauderson, Jessie Johnston, Josephine Linneman, Edna Teubert, Vera Korban; "The Wolf," play Agnes Stiven, Charles Ashley, Mable Strampe, Charlotte Gaffey, Mildred Meek, Jack Hancock, Robert Pier, Kenneth Dabson, Florence Jellyman, Dorothy Badger.

Rural School News

A pie social and entertainment was given Thursday evening in the Janesville Center state graded school. Miss Eva Schroeder is the principal of the school. The social amounted to \$17.
Halloween was celebrated at the Brown school near Evansville taught by Mrs. Lillian Haney, last evening. A program was given by the pupils. Ten cents admission was charged. Games were played and prizes given. A lunch was served.

"Y" Boys Have "Reg'lar Roughhouse" Halloween

A "reg'lar roughhouse" Halloween party was enjoyed by 20 boys of the junior boys' department of the "Y" last night. The party was held in the dining room upstairs under the supervision of A. C. Preston, boys' secretary. Halloween stunts were pulled off in which all the boys took part. A candle relay race was the feature of the party. They also had other relay races and bobbed for apples.

COUNTY NURSE REPORT PREPARED FOR BOARD

A committee made up of Mrs. W. E. Green, Evansville; Geo. W. Smith, chairman of the county board, Supt. O. D. Actisdel, and a member of the state board of health met at the court house this afternoon for the purpose of preparing a presentation regarding the county nurse. For the county board meeting in November.
Possible candidates for the office were discussed.

Courthouse Records

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS
David Moore to Rose Schinsky, land in Beloit, \$1.
The Pines to Bell Stoneburner, lot in Beloit, \$1.
R. A. Stoller and wife to Jas. F. Merenda and wife, lot in Beloit, \$1.
W. S. Purridge and wife to G. M. Gerald, lot in Beloit, \$1.
Alfred H. Possum and wife to Elia Davis, lot in Beloit, \$4,000.
R. B. Bomber and wife to A. F. Stuart, lot in Court sub., \$1.
Edgerton Creamery Co. to Geo. H. Kothlow, land in Edgerton, \$1.
Edgerton, land and wife to Fred Duest, land in Union, \$22,000.
B. B. Townsend and wife to Janesville Housing corporation, part lot in Forest Park addition, \$1.
Nicholas Krenkel to Clara E. Sage, lot in East Riverview Park addition, \$400.
W. J. Fitzgerald to A. T. Hannah, lot in Beloit, \$1.
Clara E. Sage and husband to H. C. Proctor, lot in E. Riverview Park addition, \$1.

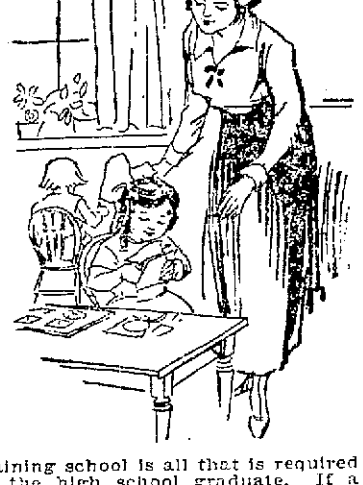
Teaching Ideas Wrong Says Woman Doctor

By INTERNATIONAL NEWS.
New York.—Dr. Wilda Lee of this city, in a recent address on "Reinterpretation of Childhood" before the international conference of women physicians, severely condemned present methods of child labor. She said, in part: "Education as it is now, is at best a tangent shot from the actual necessities of life. The syllabus used in instruction of children today throughout the country is essentially the same as that in use one or two centuries ago. Educators everywhere are laboring in mind that the child is not an adult, either in physique or in mental build. The child is different from the adult. Its habits are different, its structure is different. No wonder that those who are trying to train the children as if they were adults are so poorly paid."



MARGARET'S CANOE

KINDERGARTEN TEACHER
By Elizabeth Mateer.
The ambition to become a kindergarten teacher usually comes to a girl when she is four or five years old. After her mother, her kindergarten and primary teachers are the most remarkable women on earth.
As she grows older and has the care of younger brothers and sisters on endless Saturdays she may question her choice of a life work. How did "Miss Flora" have so much patience and where did she ever find so many interesting things for the children to do?
"Miss Flora," like every successful kindergarten teacher, is a real specialist in child psychology. Part of it she learned from books and part from her training course, and part from practical application and testing of her theories.
There was a day when the middle aged woman with a love for children could buy a few books and songs and games and open a small, private kindergarten. But the rigid teachers during her kindergarten training in recent years has brought a demand for the trained teacher.
A two-year course in an accredited



OUR LINE IS CLEAN

and we can "hang out" our shingle with pride, knowing that we have the best and cleanest laundry in the town. When your clothes are sent here they go back to you spotlessly white and in perfect condition. They are washed and delivered promptly, and so we save you time, labor and worry at a most moderate cost. Try us once and you will always be a customer afterwards.

Immediate Delivery on Touring Cars



THE UNIVERSAL CAR

There are more than 3,000,000 Ford cars in daily service throughout the world, and fully eighty per cent of these are Ford Touring Cars. There are many reasons for this, not the least of which is the simplicity in the design of the car, so easy to understand; likewise it is easy to operate; and mighty inexpensive compared to other motor cars. On the farm, in the city, for business and for family pleasure, it is the car of the people, and the demand is increasing every day. Let us have your order promptly if you want one.

Robert F. Buggs
Authorized Ford Dealer
Milton Jet. Janesville.

CITY'S NEW GARAGE WILL BE COMPLETED BEFORE DECEMBER 1

The historic stone barn of the old Hyatt house standing in the rear of the city hall is rapidly being changed into a modern city garage and livery stable. It is hoped to have the remodeling of the structure completed by Dec. 1.
According to present plans the main floor will be subdivided into spaces for the first ward election polls, street commissioner's office and tool shop, garage, and livery stable large enough to accommodate 10 head of horses.
A new location for the first ward polls has been made necessary because of the taking over of the old booth in the basement of the city hall to make room for the new lock-up. The new booth will be located in the northeast corner of the Hyatt house, a space of 12 by 24 feet.
Next to the election booth and along the east side of the building, the street commissioner, Thomas McKune will have an office, 12 by 12 feet, with a store-room for city tools, 12 by 14 feet, next to it. Space 12 by 18 feet will be allotted on the west side of the structure for a city garage in which may be kept the police ambulance, patrol and motorcycle and other municipal vehicles.
The second floor will be used for the storing of hay and other feed. The first floor, being laid in the building by J. H. & Nelson, is practically completed. The erection of partitions will be commenced next week.

Peoples Drug Co. Say EATONIC

After each meal—YOU eat one EATONIC
FOR YOUR STOMACH'S SAKE
and get full food value and real stomach comfort. EATONIC instantly relieves heartburn, bloated, gassy feeling, STOP acid, food repeating and stomach misery. AID digestion; keeps the stomach sweet and pure.
EATONIC is a healthy body and only costs a cent or two a day to use it. You will be delighted with results. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Please call and try it.

Everything for The Modern Office

We are equipped to give you quick service in office supplies. The best qualities at reasonable prices.
Filing Cabinets.
Desks.
Folders for Cabinets.
Indexes.
Carbon Paper.
Typewriters.
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Adding Machines.
Adding Machine Paper.
Complete Office Equipment.
Try us next time for quick satisfaction.

HARRY E. WEMPLE

17 S. Main St. Next to Beverly Theatre.
Bell, 179. R. C. 385 Black.
Madison Office; Bank of Wisconsin Bldg.

Samsonian Party Is Gay Hallowe'en

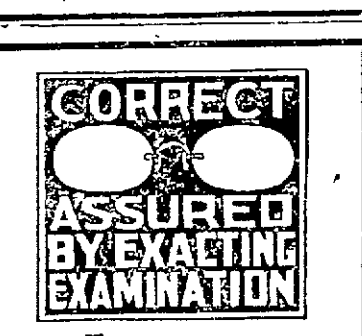
BY PEE O'BRIEN
Once upon a time a powerful and influential branch of the Samsonian Tractor company, after working day and night, completed its building which stood imposingly on the corner of North Bluff and Milwaukee streets. Then Samsonian-like, these of the engineering department, with many other members of their organization to come forth to a real old fashioned house warming, set for All Saints eve.
The eve rose clear and crisp like a Halloween night should rise and the guests came one hundred, two hundred, more than two hundred strong.
Hallowe'en in the Air.
They were met at the door by "Desk" Birmingham, who warmly smiled, "Turn to the right." Upstairs two spacious halls had been prepared. Hallowe'en was in the air on the walls everywhere. Lights shaded with orange paper cast their warm glow. Black cats and white mice were scattered on the floor. Each post was camouflaged with corn stalks. In the corners smiling Jack O'lanterns bowed their welcome.
The dance was on early in the evening and continued with vim interrupted only by such features as vaudeville and dancing stunts. First of these was a solo, "Oh What a Pal Was Mary," (the Samsonians are strong for Mary, they sang about her at their last function), sung by David McCulloch. "Tell Me" was sung as an encore.
Vic Hemming on His Toes
Vic Hemming was on his toes all evening. Most everybody expected him to pull off something and he did. When a prize cake walk was announced, Vic and Gladys Franklin, Spear Hendrickson, and Miss Marion Fletcher, a man named Sitt and Miss Margaritha Lewzow ambled into the arena and tried their luck at the dapper pastime.
Vic and Gladys led. They cake-walked and walked the cake, each girl vying with the other for that bella of Darktown center. Applause gave the prize, a cake like mother used to make, to Vic and Gladys. The fellows added to the expression of the dance by donning policemen hats, Nelsons Bar Is Popular.
Nelson's bar was the most popular corner, naturally. Here Miss Helen Nelson, the coy bar maid, dispensed nugs of cider drawn from an invisible keg. Heaped upon the rough boards of the counter, nut brown doughnuts dressed for the occasion with powdered sugar, were passed only to be immediately replaced by more. Rosy apples reposed by the side of the bar and kept the doughnuts company on the counter.
At 11 o'clock a vaudeville was announced. The guests formed a half circle. Two acts from the Myers vaudeville were put on. Both were clever singing and dancing stunts. Dancing was attacked with added zest after the vaudeville. They danced until some guest who never forgets his manners caught one of the Jack



OUR LINE IS CLEAN

Troy Laundry

14-16 S. Jackson St.
Both Phones.



Lenses Ground

If you should be so unfortunate as to lose your glasses we can quickly replace them for you.
J. H. Scholler
OPTOMETRIST
207 W. Milwaukee St.
Bell phone, 315; R. C. phone 503 Blue.
Lenses Ground.



SATURDAY SPECIAL

112 Millions used last year to KILL COLDS

HILL'S CASCARA QUININE BROMIDE
Standard cold remedy for 20 years. Tablet form—safe, sure, no opiates—breaks up a cold in 24 hours. Money back if it fails. The genuine box has a Red Cross with Mr. Hill's picture. At All Drug Stores.

For INSURANCE of all kinds—See W. B. SULLIVAN

202 Jackson Bldg.
He will save you money. Ask for rates.

SEE Sennett SOON
For All kinds of Insurance R. C. 505 Red
GEO. J. SENNETT AGENCY
123 W. Milw. St.

TURNER Garage Service!

"THE BEST IN TOWN"
It's up to YOU to let us prove it! Drive over tomorrow and see our modern shops with the latest type machinery for handling your overhauling or repairing in the quickest, most economical manner. A few dollars spent NOW will save a good many later! Have your car tuned up or adjusted for the cold weather conditions.

- 1—REPAIRING AND OVERHAULING
- 2—CARBURETOR ADJUSTMENTS
- 3—ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT
- 4—AUTO ACCESSORIES

"THE BEST IN TOWN"

We'll show new results for your money. Bring your car in—Tomorrow—have one of our expert mechanics look it over! Our advice costs nothing. You'll be dollars ahead!

TURNER GARAGE

So. Bluff St. Janesville, Wis.

Underwear for all the Family

If the question is asked "Are you prepared for cold weather?" Underwear can not be forgotten. There is the union suit for the children in size 2 to 16 years, fleece lined, bleached, fine ribbed, ankle length, special per suit. \$1.00
Women's Suits, fleece lined, round neck and sleeveless, or the suit with high neck, long sleeves, ankle length, priced per suit. \$1.95

SPECIAL ECONOMY NEWS

For excellent values our windows tell the story of Fall and Winter Silks.
Christmas stock of Dolls now on display.
Watch for our prices on Linens.
Georgette Blouses, \$6.00 value. . . \$4.95
S. & H. Stamps Free with every purchase—"Get the Habit."

Testimony Completed in Blodgett Milling Case

The taking of testimony in the case between the Milwaukee-Rundie Manufacturing company, Milwaukee, and the Blodgett Milling company of this city was completed at the court house last afternoon. Briefs will be submitted by the attorneys representing the two companies and the decision of the court rendered at a future date.
The case involves the purchase of a fire sprinkling system by the Blodgett Milling company from the Spence-Rundie concern. The system, it is claimed by the defendant, is defective. The plaintiff is represented by the firm Rundie, Spence, who has been here attending the hearing, accompanied by his attorneys, returned to Milwaukee this morning.

ALL SAINTS DAY IS OBSERVED IN CHURCHES

All Saints' day was celebrated in the Catholic and Episcopal churches of this city today as a day of obligation. Masses were said at St. Patrick's church at 8, 9 and 10 o'clock. At St. Mary's church masses were said at 8:30, 9, and 9 o'clock.
At the Trinity church, Rev. Father Henry William held services at 7 and at 10 o'clock.
All Saints' day was introduced into the Roman Catholic church because of the impossibility of keeping a separate day for each saint.
The idea was first suggested in 610 A. D., but the date was not set until 1311 A. D., when the pope ordered that a chapel in St. Peter's church, Rome, in honor of all the saints. The consecration was held Nov. 1.

TRAVELETTE By NIKSAJL

MOVING TO WEST POINT.
One of the most beautiful motor trips around New York is the one to West Point, especially in the fall of the year. It has the advantage that there are two equally good roads through equally entrancing scenery.
As that the motorist who loves nature can try two entirely different views of her, going and coming.
There is the road which runs near the Hudson but high above it, which affords such extensive prospects as the Blue Book to pause at certain points and gaze upon them. However, he who has forgotten to bring the directions for appreciating the scenery may pause and gaze at almost any point with the comforting knowledge that he is beholding a view worthy of any tourist.

The other road is further back from the river and leads through Tuxedo park and Poughkeepsie park, sometimes called Bear Mountain park. This is an extensive natural park with mountainous scenery and a series of lakes, some natural, and some artificial. It has been through the generosity of Mrs. Harriman. In the fall, when the mountains are like tapestries woven of deep brown and scarlet, and the river here and there a lake gleaming in the sun, a ride through this park is an inspiring experience.
West Point itself is not backward in offering scenery to the tourist. Not long ago an officer who was visiting there after an absence of 13 years sat and gazed up at the great, long time in silence. The hills, near at hand, autumn-tinted and glowing in the sun, were reflected in the river which wound back further and further between hills that became first violet and then lacy blue and at last disappeared in the shimmering mist of the autumn atmosphere.
"Do you know," he said emotionally but rather wordless, "I haven't seen these hills for years, but I have thought about them often, especially since we were here. They have always made me think about Eternity and peace, and, well you know, things like that."

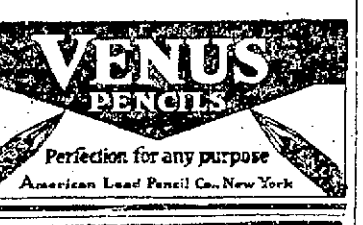
Shop in the Gazette before you shop in the stores.

WEEK'S AUCTION SALE RECORD WELL FILLED

The first on the auction list for next week is Joseph Roach, route 1, near Janesville, who will hold an auction Tuesday with Col. W. T. Dooley as auctioneer. Tuesday there will be the following three auctions: Julius Willing and son, and one-half miles northwest of Footville, John Ryan, auctioneer; W. W. Baird, Albany, D. F. Finane, auctioneer; James Richmond, Linda Center, W. T. Dooley, auctioneer.
Wednesday, people will be kept busy attending the following four: W. Silverthorn, 1 mile east of Footville, John Ryan, auctioneer; W. A. Douglas, route 4, Janesville, W. T. Dooley, auctioneer; Russell Williams, Orfordville, D. F. Finane, auctioneer; W. P. Silverthorn, Manover, John W. P. auctioneer.
Thursday, the Milford Lumber company will sell a farm and stock at auction, H. T. Hook, Shipley, will manage the sale and George Proby will be auctioneer. On the same day, Henry Eldred, 3 and one-half miles southeast of Albany, will sell. D. F. Finane will be auctioneer.
The week's auctions will be brought to a close with two Friday: a dispersion sale of Holstein cattle on the farm of H. Weiland, 7 and one-half miles west of Beloit, with Taves and Weiland auctioneers; Herman Schultz, Milton Junction, W. T. Dooley, auctioneer.
Get the habit of reading the classified ads—it will pay you.

VENUS PENCILS

Perfection for any purpose
American Lead Pencil Co., New York



Sleep? Does a dry cough keep you awake? KEMP'S BALSAM will stop the tickle that makes you cough. GUARANTEED.

The Janesville Gazette

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Full Entered Wire News Report by the Associated Press.

BUSINESS OFFICE OPEN SATURDAY EVENINGS

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
By carrier in Janesville 15c week; \$7.50 per year.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1919.

The Gazette Stands Ready to Support all Endeavor to Make Janesville and Vicinity a Bigger and Better Community.

THE RED CROSS MEMBERSHIP DRIVE.

Not so much for money, but for a great, sympathetic, interested membership—that is the purpose of the Red Cross drive that is to take place from November 2 to November 11.

The activities of the Red Cross did not cease with the end of the war, and it would be a real pity if we were to forget that the needs of peace time are nearly as insistent as those of conflict.

The Red Cross is always on guard to render service to humanity in the event of epidemic, earthquake, flood, or other disaster. Every year in this country we have accidents bringing death to 100,000, and disability to half a million, and on all such occasions the Red Cross stands ready to do everything within its power to help the injured or bring relief to distressed families. The fight against disease goes on all the time. We can only estimate the lives that have been saved from tuberculosis by reason of the efforts of the Red Cross.

To give an idea of the immense tasks to which the Red Cross addresses itself, let it be said that 450,000 children under five years died during the eighteen months in which we lost 70,000 men in the war. The deaths from influenza were as ten to one, compared with American deaths on the field of battle in the German war.

How useful this great agency of mercy can be is evidenced by the figures bearing on the activities among families of our men in the service. In 500,000 such homes assistance is still being given.

The Red Cross is helping nobly to lift the pall of gloom from the homes of the very poor. The census bureau is authority for the statement that one-fifth of our people do not have enough proper food to eat, and in all such homes the blight of malnutrition is found as a matter of course. One-third of the young men examined under the first draft proved to be defective because of lack of proper nourishment. The home service of the Red Cross is combating the evil of malnutrition, and is constantly engaged in teaching mothers how to keep their children well and sturdy, and how to choose nourishing food for them. Ninety percent of the persons helped in this way are reached by no other social agency.

In these days of reconstruction, with so much of strife and unrest, while hundreds of thousands are looking forward with apprehension to the coming winter, it is a privilege to find one unselfish work in which all may join. The Red Cross, with its call to all that is best in us, deserves twenty million members, and more. The fee of a dollar a year is small, and the opportunity to share in the satisfaction of a fine, beneficent work is one not to be neglected.

STORY OF BESSEMER STEEL.

In view of the nation wide attention now directed toward the strike of steel workers, the National Geographic society has issued a bulletin, based on a communication from William Joseph Showalter, concerning the making of steel, which he terms "Industry's greatest asset." The bulletin follows:

"The story of Bessemer steel is one of the fascinating chronicles of the industrial world. It seems to have been one of those cases where two men working in different countries, each without knowledge of what the other was doing, reached the same conclusion about the same time. Both were granted American patents, but upon application for renewal, the patent office held Kelly to be the inventor. The world, however, gives the credit to Bessemer, and the process is known as the Bessemer process.

"Kelly was a maker of old-fashioned cooking pots and kettles. It is related that one day he was sitting in front of his furnace and observed a point of incandescence where there was no charcoal—only the metal and the air. This led him to contend that air alone would burn out the impurities from molten iron. When he developed his titling converter, his engineer blew such a tremendous blast through the first charge that iron and all went up as sparks, to his discomfort and the crowd's amusement. He finally succeeded in getting the amount of air regulated, and poured out of his converter the first Bessemer steel. People said Kelly would soon be burning life. Since his old converter was first used, billions of dollars' worth of steel has flowed out of the world's converters.

"Both Kelly and Bessemer were baffled by the problem of regulating the supply of air so that it would not burn out all the carbon, a little of which is essential to steel. Furthermore, their products, frequently proved to be brittle, owing to the fact that the molten metal absorbed oxygen from the air blast. The first difficulty was solved eventually, by the expedient of burning out practically all the carbon, then adding exactly the amount required for the specific quality of steel desired. The second difficulty was overcome through the addition of manganese to take care of the harmful oxygen. The latter suggestion was the contribution of Robert F. Mushet, a Scotch steel maker. Goransson, a Swedish ironmaster, had previously achieved the same results by using a pig iron initially rich in manganese. Thereafter underdone and overdone steel disappeared.

"To go into a great building where there is a battery of Bessemer converters is to see more heat than Dante ever pictured. A converter is a huge egg swung 'amidships' on trunnions. The great egg of steel lined with fire-brick has the top off. Some twenty tons of molten pig are poured into it, and then through some two hundred little holes in the bottom powerful engines pump in a stream of cold air. As the oxygen-laden air sweeps up through the molten iron, it touches the molten carbon and silicon, which constitute the impurities, and carries them away. Millions of red and white sparks fill the air, as if some demon within the fiery fluid were giving a pyrotechnic performance. A thousand engines, with safety-valves hissing under tremendous pressure, have the voice of a zephyr in comparison. First the flame that pours forth is violet, then shades into orange, becomes a dazzling white, burning finally to a faint blue, which is a sign that all the impurities are gone.

"Then the blast ceases, the carbon that is necessary to replace the needed portions burnt out is added, the great brick and steel egg swings back to position, the carbon is mixed with the fervent fluid, and then the egg tips over on its side, and out of the top flows the liquid steel into a great ladle. When it is swung back into position, a man with colored glasses walks out over the converter and peers down into its white-hot depths to see if the heat from the last charge has melted away any of the fire-brick linings. If it has, he hurls balls of putty-like clay down into the holes to stop them up, or sets a crew of workmen to patching the damaged shell. This done, the big egg swings back again, gets

JUST FOLKS

Edgar A. Guest

THE MYSTERY.
We know not where the journey ends,
Nor what our mission here on earth;
The fates provide our foes and friends,
The days are filled with grief or mirth.
Wise men have sought to solve the plan
Which holds and keeps us all in bound
And shapes the destiny of man,
But none the key to it has found.

No gray philosopher or sage
Can truly tell what waits in store
Or guess the purpose of the age;
They only know what's gone before.
Fools follow fathers wise, and then
Great souls are nurtured in the slums
And none, can say what gift for men
With every little baby comes.

We choose the tasks we'd like to do,
And shape our lives around a whim;
We train the boy, as if we knew
Just what God had in mind for him,
And joy or misery depends
On this blind choice in every case,
But none can know until the end
That he is in his proper place.

How many men have gone astray?
How many men have missed the mark
And blindly groped along the way,
Living completely in the dark
Because they never found the toil
Which God had sent them here to do?
Good seed sown on a barren soil,
Wasted because it never grew.

Who knows but what the future, sad,
In different circumstances here
Or changed a trifle would have had
His course to fame and victory clear?
And since no man can truly say
What makes or mars our little lives
We should rejoice from day to day
That so much that is good survives.

—Copyright 1919 by Edgar A. Guest.

another charge of molten iron, and begins the process over again. The whole operation takes about 20 minutes—a ton of steel a minute. Bessemer steel is used for structural material, railroad rails, wire, and pipe.

"In 1860 there was twice as much steel produced in the United States by the Bessemer as by the open-hearth process. But with the rapid exhaustion of ores having the proper amounts of phosphorus for converter practice, the open-hearth furnace, which can use with equal success which contain either a large or a small amount of phosphorus, largely replaced the Bessemer converter."

A subsequent bulletin will deal with the open-hearth process for producing steel.

TO CHURCH TOMORROW?

There are comfortable seats, good sermons, excellent singing and music, and clever and friendly people awaiting you at your own church tomorrow. There is a companionship and a feeling of good there for you. You should go to receive it.

A church is what its congregation makes it. If you are not a member of a congregation, you should shortly become a member. There is a feeling of goodness, of higher possibilities, of proper association goes with church membership that is worth cultivating.

Church going is mostly a matter of habit, quickly developed and one worth cultivating. There is a restfulness coincident with a sermon that cannot be secured any other way. It is a restfulness that will start one properly for the week to come.

If you haven't planned on meeting with your friends at some church tomorrow, it is time you were planning on such an attendance. The church will benefit, the minister will be pleased with your presence, and you, yourself, will be starting the week properly. Church-going is a business proposition worth considering.

Their Opinions

Now that the transfer of life-giving glands from dead men to live men is in vogue, we may expect to hear of some centenarian setting a new world's record in all lines of sport as he regains his youthful vigor just when he believed he already had one foot in the grave and the other on the brink.—Fond du Lac Reporter.

Just as we see Europe's woes before we see our own, so do we observe the threat of radicalism over there and minimize a similar condition here at home.—Beloit News.

Austria is planning the sale of art objects in order to buy food. The first object of art is something to eat.—La Crosse Tribune.

England is curbing the profiteer by licensing only reputable dealers. Over here there would be a lot of quibbling as to who is reputable.—Madison Democrat.

And now many a homely bachelor is wondering if he couldn't stow away for a few voyages.—Milwaukee Journal.

Backward Glimpses

FORTY YEARS AGO

Nov. 1, 1879.—The funeral services of the late James Lillburn were held from the home, near Emerald Grove, this afternoon.—Ray. A. D. Hendrickson of this city has been elected superintendent of the Industrial school at Waukesha, during the sickness of the other superintendent.—Clarence Clark, who is attending school at Madison, is home on a visit.

THIRTY YEARS AGO

Nov. 1, 1889.—Hon. and Mrs. Andrew Barless, of Rock Prairie, went to Chicago this morning, where they will attend the stock show.—Many of the streets of this city presented a sorrowful sight this morning. Those out for Halloween fun did not confine themselves to carrying off fences, but destroyed street lamps and other valuable property.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Nov. 1, 1899.—Many Halloween parties were given last night, among which were those given by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Case, Second street; Mrs. Henry Palmer, Madison street; Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Murdoch, Third street, and several at the different halls of the city.—H. D. Stolt leaves tomorrow for Chicago, where he will spend the winter. His family will remain here.

TEN YEARS AGO

Nov. 1, 1909.—No great damage was reported done last night. The police patrol was kept busy answering calls, but no arrests were made. Among the losses were a board sidewalk, fences and gates.—Under the auspices of the Janesville Art League, 200 paintings of Seymour Thurber were put on exhibition at the Library yesterday.

Sketches From Life -- By Temple



Vacation Memories.

Poor Working Girl Plays

By FREDERIC J. HASKIN, Director
Janesville Daily Gazette Information Bureau,
Washington, D. C.

New York, Nov. 1.—"If O'Henry could only see us now!"

The girl who made this remark stood poised on the edge of a large boulder somewhere along the Palisades, one arm thrust forth in a theatrical gesture for the benefit of a second girl below, who was balancing a camera. "A sort of appreciative giggle came from a group of girls seated about a camp fire in the shadow of the boulder.

"Say, you people in the front row, move up a little closer together," directed the girl with the camera. "I can't get you all in."

A wild scramble to get within the focus of the camera followed, in which one girl almost fell into the campfire and another into the nearby Hudson river, but when all were finally seated it made an extremely interesting picture.

As a background there was the wide river, bearing an occasional canoe and motor-boat, and all aglow in the sun. Against this, like a huge grey blot, stood the boulder, decorated with girls. Most of them wore "middie" and bloomers, sturdy sport shoes and had bobbed hair. They looked much like children, except for an independent something about them which one somehow associated with the word "student."

They were all of them—what used to be termed "poor working girls."

This term is old-fashioned now. There are no poor working girls in New York. Or at least there need not be. There are plenty of girls who make a little in the way of wages, who live in impoverished neighborhoods, and who cannot afford to buy any but the cheapest kind of clothes. But they are not poor. Their lives are a good deal richer than those of many girls who stay at home and let their parents do the thinking for them. Those of many of the business men who employ them, richer even than those of some of the society damsels, who contented themselves with the entertainment. For throughout New York there are dozens of agencies and organizations constantly endeavoring to see that the working girl does not become lonely and discontented.

Do you remember the "Henry" heroine who had nothing but a portrait of Lord Kitchener to keep her on the straight and narrow path? Well, such a heroine is obsolete now. The Y. W. C. A. and the Community House and the War Work Council have absorbed and completely changed her. The New York working girl today lives on a budget, but she is not poorer than ever. She has scarcely one night in the week free for a life of luxurious crime or for any of the other lures and pitfalls of a big city which are always being discovered in the movies. She usually belongs to half a dozen different clubs, from which she is constantly going and coming.

Girls Belong to Clubs

The girls we left posing for their photographs along the Palisades, for example, belong to the Health Center club here, which employs a recreation director for the sole purpose of planning healthy outdoor and indoor recreation for them. They attend at least two nights a week the club night for physical culture exercises and another night for games, including basketball and volleyball. After the games are over, they sit down and rest, while Miss Marian Taylor, the director, reads to them or tells them stories. That is how the girls at the Health Center are acquainted with O'Henry. Never having read a book through in her life before she joined the club, she is now pursuing an entire reading course outlined for her by Miss Taylor.

On a third night during the week, those girls who can afford it, at the horseback riding club. This club has been able to secure reduced prices for its members on the basis of 10 riding lessons for \$15. The riding lessons are given in the riding outfits. They also supplies the riding outfits. The first night girls took their riding lesson the other night through Central park. Most of the riders had never been on a horse before, and while eager to try it, were somewhat terrified by their own daring.

"Is he wild?" asked one of the girls, as a sad-looking gelding was brought forward from one of the stalls.

Upon being reassured by the riding attendant, she mounted, and sat warily, though dazedly, and sat warily, clinging frantically to the saddle while the horse stood gently nibbling a wisp of hay.

"Don't hold the saddle," commanded the attendant. "Hold the reins."

"But is that all you have to hold on to?" the girl asked to know.

"No, isn't afraid," declared the attendant, a plump little Hebrew stenographer, who had managed to climb up unassisted on a meek brown horse. "I figure that if I fall off I'll break my neck anyway, so

it doesn't matter." A few days later, however, the same girls were able to speak of the experience in a bored and sophisticated manner to those of their companions who did not go along.

"Say, you people in the front row, move up a little closer together," directed the girl with the camera. "I can't get you all in."

Every Sunday, the girls of the Health Center club go on a hike. Last Sunday they crossed by ferry to the Jersey shore and walked for two or three miles along the Palisades until they found what they considered an appropriate camping place. Here they immediately shed their skirts and appeared in bloomers, in which they set forth with great agility to obtain sweet potatoes to roast in it. Then Miss Taylor, who had brought along the club coffee-pot, made coffee, which was passed around in the cups in the usual campfire manner. The girls called it "hot dog" and bacon sandwiches.

Eating Is Important. On a girl's hike eating is the most important activity. It begins as soon as the party reaches the first pump or spring, and continues throughout the journey to the bitter end.

Other words, the sale of the species of food in order to hike, whereas the female apparently hikes in order to eat. Each girl always brings enough lunch for three or four, and hence lunch is eaten constantly all through the afternoon unless she has the courage to throw the surplus away—and a woman hates to throw away perfect food.

The last view of these girls going home on the boat showed them still struggling with cake and sandwiches. On the other hand, it is noticeable that girls, in spite of their lack of experience and outdoor training, are very capable of handling the most important attitude for the outdoor life. They seem to fit into it just naturally, and they are good at sports. Hardships are treated as a matter of course, and brules are borne as proudly as scars of battle.

A couple of weeks ago, for example, the Health Center club, escorted by Miss Taylor, went on an overnight excursion to Long Beach. They carried knapsacks and huge lunch for the trip, and the next morning they started. But scarcely had the party reached Long Beach when the sky became filled with ominous-looking clouds, and a cool mist began to sweep in over the ocean.

"It looks as if it's going to rain," said one of the girls. Miss Taylor, who had deposited her knapsacks on the beach and gathered around in a camp-fire circle.

"Do you think we had better go back?" asked the director.

"No," was the unanimous verdict. Sky Grow Blacker.

The process of fire-building and unpacking went on. The girls were becoming blacker, and the ocean was coming in in a ragged line along the beach. Just as everybody was comfortably settled, with her sandwiches and fruit and coffee gathered about her, the rain came in a hard shower. There was a wild rush to collect scattered belongings, and by the time the girls had their knapsacks packed again and over their shoulders, they were fairly wet.

Once more the director asked them if they did not want to go home, and once more the girls insisted that they didn't. Miss Taylor, who is only 23 herself, looked desperate. She had been and finally spied what appeared to be an empty cottage nestling in the shelter of a tall hotel, so she led a marathon through the sand for the shelter of a tall hotel. Fortunately, it had a wide porch, with a protecting roof, which kept it dry. Here the girls, resting on their knapsacks, spent the night. In the morning the sun shined, the country was so wet that breakfast on the beach was impractical. But this time the rescueful Miss Taylor borrowed the nearby hotel laundry for a kitchen, and the hotel management added to the excitement of the occasion by treating the whole party to rolls and marmalade. After this the girls took their little hike down the beach, in spite of the rain.

So, you see, the New York working girl lives a busy, pleasant life. She no longer spends her evenings in the cold seclusion of her hall bedroom nor in the warm, stuffy dens of lower Broadway. She has become a practical, wholesome person, who is going to be an excellent influence on our next generations of Americans.

Menasha.—Earl J. McCauley, formerly well known resident here, is dead at his home in California, according to a message received here.

ON THE SPUR of the MOMENT

ROY E. MOULTON

THE ENDLESS CHAIN.
Oh, Plunkville flies them when they speed,
We'll get the coin in loads,
And with it—the ruins the Plunkville creed—
We'll fix up better roads.

On better roads they'll speed some more,
Or so our town opines.
There'll be more speeders than before,
And we'll get still more fines.

FROM THE HOPPERTOWN HARPOON.

Ansa Frisby placed an order for a new automobile down in the city the other day, and the salesman said: "Your new car will have a splendid finish." Ansa said: "I'm glad of it. The last one I had, had a fierce finish. It tried to butt a car off the track."

Lem Butts is getting sort of spleened again them small order houses. He ordered a dozen fresh eggs by parcel post the other day, and when they came one of 'em had a note written on it in lead pencil, the message being dated April 7, 1911. "Dear Mr. Butts," the school teacher, has had several proposals of marriage since she has been in our midst, but she says on account of the place, she won't accept of school teachers nowadays. It is about all she can do to support herself.

A feller is here with a \$20 bill in his pocket. It is quite a curiosity and he showed it to several in the Golden Nugget saloon. Constable Ezra Hand is keepin' an eye on the feller, as he knows there may be a reward out for him.

ANOTHER SILENT BUYER.

Dear Roy—"I, U. S.," the self-styled "silent buyer," in Monday's column, makes a lot of noise, but I think I can beat him. Landing in Buffalo somewhat groggy, I happened to see a pushcart hawker selling postcards without speaking (and I am neither dumb nor deaf). I selected a dozen or more cards and handed the vendor with an inquiring glance. He counted the cards, fished a pencil from his coat pocket and wrote on a paper bag in which he afterward placed the cards, "50 cents." I paid the bill, took the cards and walked away. Not a word spoken.

J. W. Trude, a New London builder, has inserted the following ad in the papers:

"Contractors wanted. Beer and sandwiches served at 3 o'clock. Apply J. W. Trude, 21 Mather court." A reporter asked Mr. Trude just what sort of caterer he expected to get with such an advertisement, and he replied, "The best." He added he had been advertising for men from time to time with little success.

What has become of the old-fashioned boy who used to call up and say, "Come to lunch with me today?"

Anything seems to be possible these queer days. A New York paper advises its readers to "spend an hour a day at night school."

College professors are getting ready to ask an increase in salary. They say they want half as much as the longshoremen.

The late Mr. Lenine, who was assassinated three times last month, is about again as usual.

ASK US

The Gazette maintains an information bureau at Washington, D. C., under the direction of Frederic J. Haskin. Questions will be answered on any subject. Those desiring information, may write to the Janesville Daily Gazette Information Bureau, Washington D. C., and enclose a stamp. The letter will be answered by the bureau.

Q. How did the released her Australian prisoners? K. S.

A. The Italian embassy says that Italy was one of the first allied nations to release prisoners. At the present time there are only a small number of Austrian prisoners in Italy and these are too sick to be returned to their country.

Q. What is the family name of the king of Belgium? S. D. H.

A. The family name of King Albert is Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, which is the same name as that of the royal family of England.

Q. Is taxation the same in Ulster as in South Ireland? L. B.

A. We were informed by the British embassy that the same rates of taxation prevail throughout all Ireland.

Q. What is it that causes the gold fish to turn silver? L. L. D.

A. This change is often due to the gold fish usually silvers with age.

Q. When did Ringling Brothers' circus make its first tour? R. R.

A. The Ringling Brothers' circus was first ambitiously organized during the seventies, and the first professional tour was made about the year 1882.

Q. Does the United States railroad administration pay a dividend to all the railroads under government control? C. A.

A. No. Under the federal control.

Abe Martin



Mrs. Late Bud's grandfather died in 1850. He was born in Wisconsin in 1850 and moved to this country in 1870. The hardest thing is to look pleasant and sane.

in 1910 the number of such persons having their first papers was 572,422. number of men 2,370,393, the number of men whose citizenship is not reported 797,058.

Q. What is the origin of the expression "go to Hallifax?" G. L.

A. In England in the eighteenth century there was a peculiarly cruel judge who presided over the court at Hallifax. One of his practices was to order the accused executed and then to send him to a jury afterward. To be sent to Hallifax became equivalent to conviction. Hence the expression.

Neenah.—J. C. Law, 72, prominent retired farmer of Vinland, is dead at his home here following a stroke of paralysis.

Read Gazette classified ads.

The Cargill Methodist Church

has just installed a

Globe Church Phone

for the use of its Deaf Members.

If you have been shut out from hearing the services and sermon, you will be surprised how well you will be able to hear by using this wonderful instrument.

The Optical Shop

60 South Main St.

Janesville Agency for the Globe Ear-Phone Co.'s Products

We Give FREE DEMONSTRATIONS



Attractive Men--Quality Foods--Immediate service--Reasonable Prices--all of which make 'Lawrence's' the ideal place to eat.

The Lawrence Cafeteria and Restaurant

221 West Milwaukee St. 7 South Jackson St.



Why We Use Refinite Soft Water

Reason No. 4

THE ODOR OF CLEANLINESS

A delicate fragrance lingers in the clothes that come from our laundry.

Garments are washed in water softened by our Refinite system.

With this water, white goods do not turn dingy or yellowish in color; linens do not break at the folds; and all of the soap rinses out, leaving the wash sweet smelling and snowy fresh.

Refinite is Nature's own water softening mineral. It makes the water more delicious to drink. It cannot damage the finest fabric.

We will add to the life and beauty of your clothes. Try us on your family and flat work.

Janesville Steam Laundry

18 So. Bluff St

SIDE LIGHTS on the CIRCUS BUSINESS

In speaking of the rough towns that the big shows would show in years ago, like Johnstown, Bradford and Scranton, Pa., Youngstown, O., and several others where the big rolling mills employed thousands of hands, while these were to be dreaded even by the large shows, yet there were others, and among them there were a few college towns where the students at times would rule the towns.

In one town in particular where there were hundreds of college boys who had evidently not in for a merchant only two or three days before we showed there, 70 or more of them got a large timber, put sticks under it and men put on either side and some time after midnight marched down the street and drove the log or large timber which they were carrying, driving the entire front windows into the store.

When we arrived there with the Poropah show the town was practically in the hands of the students and when the parade went on, Billie Burke, the famous clown, and father of Billie Burke, the famous actress, was riding in a small wagon, followed by a donkey. A group of more of the students followed along opposite him, many of them carrying bean-blowers, and shooting the beans into Burke's face until he finally lost his temper, and turning to the crowd, he addressed his conversation to a big, tall fellow who had extra large ears standing straight out from his head and said to him:

"All you have got to do is to keep on tormenting me and by the time I get ready to leave town I will be venting those telephone ears of yours for eleven buttons."

This made a hit with the students and in the evening they came up to the show, and for \$100 or \$200, they were all singing: "Burke, Burke, you want Burke!" They would not be quiet until Burke had come in the ring and made a little speech to the boys of the difference between the beautiful college towns in town and the little country school houses in which he received his education. He then sang them a song and retired to the dressing room, the students being in a perfect rage at the balance of the show.

Mr. Poropah always thought if it had not been for Burke's hit with them while in the parade they might have created a disturbance at the show in the evening. It was more than the show could avoid, but he thought trouble could be avoided. Burke would appear with what he called his "quivering powers," always saying the right thing at the right time and the trouble as a rule would all blow over.

Although Billie Burke was only a clown, in many towns he was more popular than the show business and out than almost any one around the show. Although he lived only years ago, he lived to see his only child, Billie Burke, one of the great actresses of the day.

Hall Show Business Good.

News comes from the Col. Hall show, whose home and winter quarters are in Evansville, Wis., that the show is doing big business and will probably run up late into the winter. Up to October 14 Col. George Hall's show had traveled 17,000 miles this season, which is quite a record for a two-car circus. Business since returning to the States from Canada has been very nice, particularly in western Texas, where crop conditions are good.

The Colonel Hall show has the distinction of being the first tent show to play Brownfield, Tex. (Terrell county). A railroad was built out there a few months ago.

E. C. Talbot, president of the Showmen's League of America, spent Monday of last week in Tulsa, Okla., where the Con. T. Kennedy show was exhibiting and honored this exhibition by giving it the privilege of being the first to subscribe to the fund Mr. Talbot is raising for the league to be expended in purchasing and setting headstones and markers over the graves of the victims of the Hagaback-Wallace circus wreck, who are buried in Showmen's Rest, Woodlawn cemetery.

President Talbot's appeal met with a ready response from all classes and grades, workmen, with bosses and owners of circuses, not a single refusal was chronicled and some who were busy getting ready for opening night and looking over the show, might overlook the appeal. Mr. Talbot might overlook his subscription. Not all were members of the league, but their subscription and in addition to their contribution to this fund made application for membership in the league.

No one who stood beside the open grave in Woodlawn, where the morning of nearly 60 known and unknown dead were placed to rest until the final judgment, witnessed the saddest funeral ever known, will fail to respond to this appeal, no one that witnessed or read of these scenes but had a new light on the scope of usefulness of the league. In the east, and Jim Jam ready for the balance of the show to proceed.

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Resume of Moving Picture Programs of Last Week

(BY MISS ABIE HELMS)

A picture of great charm and power was presented at the Apollo this week in "The Perfect Lover." The picture was beautiful and artistic. The ocean scenes were especially well filmed. The picture was a story of a little village. He was deaf and dumb and nearly blind but he was supposed to perform wonders of healing by his simple use of an underground lamp of shyness, conceals the idea of taking a contortionist (who poses as a village and sells the public) to the village, and pretending that he is healed. On the way to the village an invalid girl joins the party, and when she reaches the village she is cured. The contortionist pretends to be healed, both the invalid and the crippled child try to walk and succeed. The picture is a story of a girl of the underworld also, and she and Tom are both regenerated by the kindly old man whom they learn to love, and whose faith is such a blessing to all around him.

Those who missed seeing Clara Kimball Young in the "Perfect Lover" and a good picture. It was shown

THE WISHING PLANE

You remember, in yesterday's story, Captain Bravo had left Signor Angelo watching the house where the kidnapers had entered and was hurrying to the police headquarters to get help. He was sure that, within an hour or two, they would be able to capture all of the kidnapers in the house and find out where the children were being imprisoned. The captain was so busy with his thoughts that he failed to hear the two men run up behind him and pass through a dark doorway into the night. The two men leaped onto his back at once and knocked him to the ground.

As they hit him Captain Bravo awoke to what had happened. He fought them with all his might—and if you've ever seen a great big soldier handle himself in a fight you'll know that he kept those two men pretty busy. But, when the men saw that they would be unable to hurt him with their fists, one of them picked up a big stone and as Captain Bravo struck at the other kidnaper this man hit the captain with the stone.

The blow from the stone knocked Captain Bravo down and for a minute everything was black. In this minute the kidnapers fled heavy upon him and he knew that he was in a bad way. When he came to he found himself lying in a space between two buildings. Both men were watching him.

"We could have hit you harder than we did," said one of the men. "We won't hurt you more this time, but we want to tell you that you can't find Jack and Jane. We have them hidden where no one can get them from us. Signor Angelo knows where they are and he will tell you if he cared to. He is only acting like

A. E. F. Hero is the Champion Cotton Picker

(BY INTERNATIONAL NEWS.)

Osark, Ark.—Andy Kenton, ex-sergeant of the A. E. F., holder of the Croix de Guerre and Distinguished Service medal, and who is reported to have wiped out a Hun machine gun nest of 85 men, single-handed, is claimed to be the champion cotton picker at Bragg, Okla. Andy has a record of 466 pounds of cotton a day, an as he receives \$2 per hundred, he should worry.

MYERS THEATRE

TONIGHT and SUNDAY
MATINEE: SUNDAY, 2:30
VAUDEVILLE — VAUDEVILLE
4 BIG ACTS 4
Headed by
HYMAN ADLER AND COMPANY
IN
A One Act Comedy Dramatic Playlet
"THE RESULT"
Something Entirely Different
GATES AUSTIN COURTNEY AND BARRET
A Nut Sundae 2 Eccentricities of 1919
VAN ALSTYNE BROTHERS Also
Hand to Hand Balancers FEATURE PICTURES
Two Shows Daily, 7:30—9:00

CLINTON NEWS
(By Gazette Correspondent.)
Clinton, Oct. 31.—Commencing with next Sunday the Presbyterian services will be held in the Congregational church. The Men's Bible class will meet as usual at the Methodist church for Sunday school until further notice. Senior and Junior Endeavor will meet at 6:30 o'clock. All young people are invited. Mrs. Jerome Terwilliger has been in Janesville caring for her daughter, Mrs. O'Connell, who is ill. Henry Weiss moved last week to the farm just vacated by Matt Hood, and they will spend the winter. Mr. and Mrs. William Cox entertained relatives from Milwaukee and Milwaukee to dinner Sunday. Robert Huber, who is a teacher, some of his schoolmates and teacher, Miss Alda Foltz, of the fourth grade, at a "Hallowe'en" party was in honor of his ninth birthday. A two course dinner was served. The house was gaily decorated with black and yellow, the white also being present dispensing black cats to each one.

Learn to Dance
Dancing School
and Social
Apollo Hall
Monday Eve., Nov. 3
and every Monday night
Class from 8 to 9. Dancing, 9 to 12.
Beginners, this is the place to learn. For those who dance, Mr. Hatch will teach one figure of "The Rocker," the Prince of Wales dance.

Mr. and Mrs. Hatch, members of the American Nat'l. Ass'n. Masters of Dancing, conduct the classes and chaperone the dancing.

DELAVAN
(By Gazette Correspondent.)
Delavan, Oct. 31.—Miss Joyce Cheslet entertained a number of friends last evening at a "500" card party.

PLYMOUTH
(By Gazette Correspondent.)
Plymouth, Oct. 30.—The Plymouth Shredder and Shredder and will commence work as soon as the weather permits.

Sees Race Extinction Unless Nation's Youth Make Early Marriages
(BY INTERNATIONAL NEWS.)
Berkeley, Calif.—Elimination of young people was advocated here by Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, president of Stanford university, as the earlier marriages might be entered into.

APOLLO
Matinee daily 2:30. Evening, 7:30 and 9:00.
MONDAY, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY
WHAT WOULD YOU DO?
If you loved a woman and married her, and after a year of ideal happiness you discovered you were legally married to another—WHAT WOULD YOU DO?
SEE
J. Stuart Blackston's Greatest Drama
"A House Divided"
with
Sylvia Breamer and Herbert Rawlinson
From the Famous Novel
"THE SUBSTANCE OF HIS HOUSE"
by
Ruth Holt Boucicault
Photodramatized by
ANTHONY PAUL KELLY
THE SEASON'S GREATEST PHOTODRAMA
Prices: Matinee and Evening, 15c - 25c

BEVERLY
Matinee, 2:30 P. M. Evening, 7, 8:15, and 9:30
Tonight
Mae Marsh
in
"The Racing Strain"
In each one of us there is a little of the racing strain, and from "saddles up" until the final winning dash we are keyed up to the highest degree of tension. And just so will you be when you see the race in Mae Marsh's latest picture.
—ALSO—
International News
Sunday
Eugene O'Brien
in
"The Perfect Lover"
Ladies, after you have seen this handsome Romeo of the screen you will realize how, cast in such a part, it is just the sort of role Mr. O'Brien wants. And when you see his first sparring vehicle you will know that you don't want to miss a single one of his forthcoming pictures.
—ALSO—
Topics of the Day
And a Strand Comedy

APOLLO
Matinee, 2:30. Evenings, 7:15 and 9:15.
TONIGHT and SUNDAY
This theatre has a reputation for showing the best serials, plays from the biggest companies. Maintaining that reputation, we are now showing what we consider one of the greatest entertainment moving pictures ever screened with the most famous Star we've ever had the pleasure of presenting.
JAMES J. CORBETT
(Gentleman Jim)
Big Brother Hero of Millions in the Sensational Universal Serial
"THE MIDNIGHT MAN"
Thrilling adventure, wild romance, and a beautiful love story. It's the biggest serial treat of the season. Don't miss it!
Starts Tuesday Nov. 4th
—PRICES—
Matinees: Children, 15c; adults, 25c.
Evenings: main floor and first two rows of balcony, 35c; balance balcony, 25c; box seats, 5.00.

Majestic Theatre
This theatre has a reputation for showing the best serials, plays from the biggest companies. Maintaining that reputation, we are now showing what we consider one of the greatest entertainment moving pictures ever screened with the most famous Star we've ever had the pleasure of presenting.
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Morrison Hotel
Chicago's Most Modern Fireproof Hotel
Over 1000 rooms. Each room has a bath and running hot water, is completely and unusually furnished. Every floor has its own housekeeper—every known facility for your personal comfort.
Nothing less than your entire satisfaction will satisfy us.
The Home of the Famous TERRACE GARDEN
Chicago's Most Beautiful
Noted for its perfect cuisine
Entertainment unequalled
America's Show Place
Morrison Hotel
Madison at Clark
Personal Manager
HARRY C. MOIR

Annual Social Dance
Terpsichorean Hall
Given by the Men of
St. Mary's Church
For Benefit of School.
Tuesday, Nov. 4
Arcadia Orchestra.
Tickets, \$1.00, No War Tax.

Dr. E. A. Worden
DENTIST
Bell Phone 44. Over the old Baker Drug Store
R. C. Phone 1037 Red.
Res. R. C. 909 Red.

Hazelton's Stories by Famous Duck Hunters of America

COMPILED BY W. C. HAZELTON.

MY FIRST DUCK HUNT.

By H. G. Showers.

Not many years ago, the writer of this tale, whose home is at Onalaska, Wis., was one of the many uninitiated duck hunters, but had always felt that he would like the sport. A friend of mine, who lived within walking distance of some of the best ducking grounds in the state, told me that the mallards were getting pretty thick in the bottoms near his home and that it something wasn't done right soon the country there about would be mallard-plagued. As stated above, I was green at the game, but full of ambition for a shot at some ducks, and therefore I didn't not take much notice of the promise from me that I would go some day.

One evening that same fall, while a few of my fellows were loafing around one of the local stores talking about duck prospects, this same friend came in and suggested that I truly join him on the morrow in a hunt for these numerous mallards—the ones that were making the air so noisy with their calls near his home.

My friend lived at a station called Lytle, nine miles distant from the writer's home, and it was necessary for me to take an early morning train if I cared to have plenty of time in my pursuit of the web-foot. I finally agreed that I would go the following day and as I was without a gun, boots, coat, or other duck-chasing paraphernalia it was necessary that I secure the town for enough habiliments to at least make me look like a hunter, if nothing else. This was finally accomplished, but the outfit was anything but classy. The suit was a pump "beat-up" one, the boots were leaky, the coat short and ragged, and the cap resembled a sock more than it did a dome protector.

This was the first of my ducking trips. I traveled that night about 12 with visions of a big duck feast a few days hence, but sleep I couldn't with so much excitement in the air. I was up next morning at the first alarm clock had a chance at seeing me and was at the depot a full hour before the train was due. This conductor had his doubts about letting me on the train, for it was still dark, and I doubtless looked more like a road-to-be-broken duck hunter, I made the grade, however, and landed at Lytle a little while before 6, loaded down with shells, gun, lunch and the usual stuff on the side. Old Sol was already beginning to make his light tint the horizon to the east, so we hurried for the boats, of which there were enough at hand for an army, and got started on our way down good old Black river.

It may be well to state here that the writer was not accustomed to ride in one of these "sneak-boats," and for a time it looked as though Black river would have a contribution. My friend had heard me for what is known as Gibbs' chutes, a swift stream that leads from the main river at a break in the old levee along the Black about two or three blocks below the Lytle's depot. Not only is the stream swift, but woods-men have made it a point, when they have cut timber, to pile all refuse, brush, dead stumps and other clearings into this stream. This debris, together with the driftwood and logs that are usually in evidence around an old logging stream, made passage difficult. The water fairly boiled

ed to shoot anything or something or know why not. My partner had gone on ahead and was still having a good time laughing at my mishap. On arriving at the lake it was daylight and not a feather was in sight. We scouted around the lake a little way, however, and scared up a flock of mallards that had been feeding there for months, perhaps, and did not ever take a shot at them.

Our boats were finally beached and the "hunters" began to scout around on foot to look for smaller lakes in the timber that might have some unsuspecting birds close enough to shore to be murdered on the set. This was not our luck, however, and after going to the boats, decided to go to my friend's home for dinner. We arrived there early enough to see a couple of big fat chickens hoisted into the kettle, and believe me when I say it, nothing would have moved us from the spot until we had a taste of that chicken stew. It was served on the dot and with my friend's mother's usual appetizing fixins. Other hunters that

showed up for lunch later on didn't get chicken that day. We two carried all of it with us when we started out for the afternoon on foot. We had decided during dinner that we would take a hike over the railroad bridge and then strike off into the timber above Lytle for the afternoon. His country is filled with small lakes and streams, a typical place for mallards in the daytime, for there are oak trees galore and Wood ducks are also plentiful here early in the season.

We had traveled about a mile from the house when we came to the edge of a small creek that led out of a small lake or pond. The writer was busy looking about for signs of a good place to sit down and read, when he noticed at the farther end of the lake a splashing and thrashing in the water. A bunch of willows hid the "splasher" from view, but the willow was green and told his partner that fish were jumping up there and we might as well go up and watch them. The friend was a wise one, though,

and made me get down low. Then he whispered to me to keep my mouth shut, if I could, and to follow him with as little noise as possible. He started out in the opposite direction from the splashing, but I soon found that he wanted to make a wide circle, and come in just opposite the place where the splashing had been taking place, and was still taking place. I was first on two feet—then on hands and knees, then flat on the ground, face downward, making motions like a snake, but all the time gradually creeping nearer.

Hide Behind Willows. Finally we came up behind a good thick clump of willows just across the pond from the place where we had seen all the splashing. It was impossible to see whether there were any ducks there or not on account of the thick willows and if we crept to one side where we could see the ducks, if there were any, they would be able to see us. We didn't want a "pot shot" unless it was possible to get any easy one, so we decided, by gestures, that we would jump to our

feet and into the clearing and if there were any ducks we would give it to 'em as fast as we could shoot. We did jump and there were ducks, great guns, fellows, there must have been a hundred great big fat mallards. They got up with a rush and we blazed away. One came down with every shot and each of us shot three times before they got out of gun range. That makes six, doesn't it? Well, that is the number we had anyway, after we had retrieved our own birds, getting soaked again in this business operation. There were five ducks and one big fat hen. We sat down for a short rest after getting our birds safely stowed away in our coats and after another short hike made our way Lytleward.

That was the writer's first hunt, his first ducks, and the cause for his wanting to spend every hour of every day in every month of the hunting season out where the mallards live, eat, play and rear their young. He has been hunting many times since this first day, but the memories of that occasion are always sweeter than any that have come since.

HARMONY

[By Gazette Correspondent.]

Harmony, Oct. 31.—Funeral services for the late Mrs. Mary McNally were held at St. Mary's church at 2:30 o'clock Monday morning. Rev. J. J. McGinnity celebrated high mass and delivered the sermon. Mrs. McNally leaves to mourn her loss, four children, Clarence O. John P., and Mrs. William Connor of this place, and Thomas P. of Janesville; one sister and one brother, Mrs. Margaret Robinson and Bernard Leonard, Chicago, and 15 grandchildren. Those from away who attended the funeral were B. Leonard, Mrs. Margaret Robinson, Miss Alice Howe, and Thomas L. Rowe, all of Chicago. Pall bearers were: Owen Mullen, John Malone, Philip Doherty, Mike Connors, William Murtry, and Charles Doherty. Burial was made in Edgerton. Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Stuart entertained a company of friends Tuesday evening, the occasion being Mr. Stuart's birthday. The evening was spent

in dancing and card playing. Miss Emma Nelson is boarding with Mrs. Andrew Hoag. Mr. and Mrs. William Bernard and son, Joe, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Hanlon.

Miss Ramona Menz spent Wednesday evening with Marcelle McNally.

Phyllis Thumt, Arrested. La Crosse—Anton Johnson, 15, played truant from school, shot a partridge, was caught by P. W. Gantsch, state game warden, and must pay a fine of \$50 or go to jail for 30 days. He may be sent to an industrial institution.

La Crosse—After eight years of dispute and litigation, the McGilway road, washed out by the flood of the Black River in 1911, when the Hatfield dam burst, is to be restored. The road connects La Crosse and Trempealeau counties and crosses the Black river.

The Gasoline which Helped Win the War

To the Motoring Public:

"The U. S. Government does not determine quality by gravity test, nor is it included in their specification requirements."

GRAVITY has no relation to quality, power, or thermal efficiency of gasoline for automobile use.

Gravity test is a delusion. The tendency of the motoring public to adhere to this delusion is fostered for what there may be in it by those ignorant of scientific facts—and this position has cost the motoring public hundreds of thousands of dollars, yearly.

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is of the same quality and specifications as the gasoline furnished the U. S. Government by the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) during the war, when the issues of life and death were involved.

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Columbia Records

Nora Bayes Couples "Jerry" with "In Miami"

The contrast between these two vivid songs on a single record gives Nora a chance to show her amazing versatility in character study. From an Irish brogue to a Southern drawl is a wide jump, but it's just a melodious skylark for Nora. A-2785—85c

Jolson Asks "Who Played Poker With Pocahontas?"

"When John Smith went away somebody must have fed the kitty." So Al Jolson rises melodiously to a point of disorder, and brings down the house as he inquires: "Who played poker with Pocahontas?" Coupled with "Alexander's Band Back in Dixieland," by Harry Fox. A-2787—85c



"Oh! What a Pal Was Mary"

Here's a good old-fashioned ballad song that's making one of the biggest sentimental hits on record. Henry Burr sings the appealing words and beautiful melody with sincere and tender feeling. "Coupled with 'Waiting' (from 'Listen Lester'), by Charles Harrison. A-2786—85c

A Few More Mid-Month Hits

I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles Columbia Saxophone Sextette A-2754
Beautiful Ohio Blues Columbia Saxophone Sextette 85c
Tell Me (Fox-trot) Walter & Francis Singing Orchestra A-2753
Breeze The Sync Jazz Band 85c
Mandy, from "Ziegfeld Follies of 1919" Van and Schenck A-2750
I'll Be Happy When the Preacher Makes You Mine Jones and Jack Kaufman 85c

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1

Anniversary and Birthday Gifts

Notable Persons Born In November

George Eliot, "Billy" Sunday, Marie Antoinette, Guido Reni, Padarewski, Oliver Goldsmith, Voltaire, Bastien Yépage, Turgenev, William Hogarth, Johann Schiller, Sir John Moore, Andrew Carnegie, James A. Garfield, Hetty Green, Francis Hodgson Burnett, Martin Luther, Maude Adams, John Roach.

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

Wedding Anniversaries

The first wedding anniversary is the cotton anniversary; the second is paper, third leather, fifth wooden, seventh woolen, tenth tin, twelfth silk and fine linen, fifteenth crystal, twentieth china, twenty-fifth silver, thirtieth pearl, fortieth ruby, fiftieth golden, and seventy-fifth, diamond.

LIFE is fleeting at best. Let's BE KIND! Ever since the race was young, it has been customary TO BESTOW GIFTS upon MOTHERS and their PROGENY when a child comes into the world—and in similar fashion thereafter to observe anniversary BIRTHDAY occasions. And ever since the sons of GOD, as recorded in Genesis, first began taking unto themselves to wife the daughters of men, WEDDING GIFTS and wedding ANNIVERSARY remembrances have been the fashion. And why should it be OTHERWISE? We're BORN—we MARRY—we DIE. The days flit away like a tale that is told. The more little PLEASANTNESS we crowd into the years, the BETTER! They warm the SOUL like SUNSHINE! Indulge the AMENITIES while passing thru! Let the announcements on this page guide you in your gift giving—make a note NOW of November remembrances.

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Shoes here for every member of the family. Remember our method of doing business will save you money.

Get shoes for gifts here—best styles, smallest prices.

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Frank Roach

John Roach

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ROOM HEATERS GRILLS
WARMING PADS
ETC.

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Janesville

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The New Choker Scarfs,
\$7.50 to \$20.00

Osborn & Duddington

The Store of Personal Service

USEFUL GIFTS

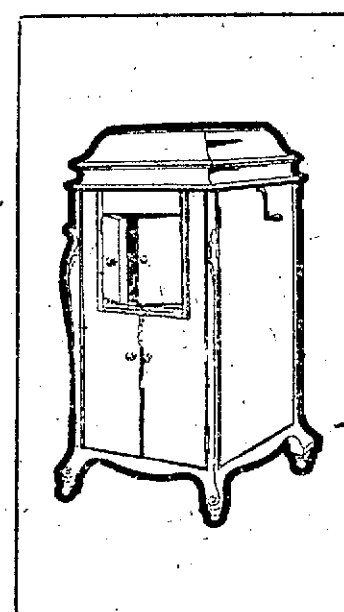
Are Always Appreciated
May We Suggest:

POCKET KNIVES—Real knives that will hold an edge.
FLASHLIGHTS—The famous Ever-Ready line.
LUNCH BOXES with Thermos Bottles—A cup of hot coffee with a cold lunch is surely appreciated.
TOOLS—The kind good workmen like.
ALUMINUM WARE—Practical and useful.
PYREX—The new glass baking dishes.
GRAY ENAMEL WARE—Just the thing for the kitchen.
CARVING SETS—Always in demand at the dinner.
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DUPLEX ALCAZAR RANGES
SAFETY RAZORS
ALUMINUM WARE
TINWARE
ENAMELWARE GUNS
STOVES
ETC. ETC

Frank Douglas

PRACTICAL HARDWARE

S. River St.

A few suggestions:

Photo Albums
Parker Fountain Pens

Icy Hot Bottles

Pints and quarts.

FANCY STATIONERY
Perfumes and Toilet Waters

Candy in boxes.

"If it's to be had in a drug store, we have it."

Red Cross
Pharmacy

A Few Worthy Suggestions

Kodaks
Brownie Cameras
White Ivory Hair Brushes
White Ivory Mirrors
White Ivory Toilet Sets
White Ivory Manicure Sets
Toilet Waters, domestic and imported
Combination Sets of Djer Kiss Toilet articles including perfume.
Face Powder, Sachet Powder and Talcum Powder packed in fancy satin lined boxes.

McCue & Buss
Druggists.
14 So. Main St.

Choose Gifts From This List

Kodaks from.....\$2.86 to \$30.00
High Grade Perfumes.....75c per oz. and up
Stationery.....35c to 75c and \$1.00
Boxed Candy.....40c to \$1.50
Fountain Pens.....\$1.50 to \$10.00
Cigars, per box.....\$1.65 to \$5.50
Safety Razors.....\$1 to \$6.00
Razor Stoppers.....75c to \$2.50
Eversharp Pencils.....\$1.00 to \$3.50

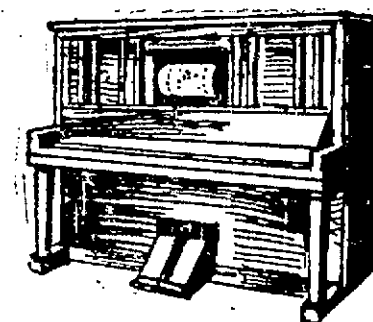
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November 2 to 11, 1919

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